And in compaſſion, weepe the fire out:
And ſome will mourne in Aſhes, ſome coale-blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.

Rich. *Northumberland*, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age,
More than it is, ere foule ſinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he devide the Realme, and give thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're ſo little urg'd, another way,
To plucke him headlong from th' uſurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one or both,
To worthy Danger, and deſerved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betiwixt me, and my marryed Wife.
Let me un-kiſſe the Oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe 'twas made
Part us *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where ſhivering Cold and Sickneſſe pines the Clyme:
My Queene to *France*: from whence, ſet forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like ſweet may;
Sent backe Hollowmas, or ſhort'ſt of day.

Qu. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart frō heart.

Qu. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome Love, but little Pollicy.

Qu.

Qu. Then whither he goes t

Rich. So two together weepi
Weepe thou for me in France; I
Better farre off, than nere, be ne'
Goe, count thy way with ſighes

Qu. So longeſt way ſhall have

Rich. Twice for one ſtep ile gro
And piece the way out with a
Come, come, in woing ſorrow le
Since wedding it, there is ſuch l
One kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouthes
Thus give I mine, and thus thus

Qu. Give me mine owne aga
To take on me to keepe, and ki
So, now I have mine owne aga
That I may ſtrive to kill it with

Rich. We make woe wanton w
Once more adieu; the reſt let ſor

Scæna Secu

Enter Yorke, and his

Dut. My Lord, you told me yo
When weeping made you break
Of our two Coſins comming int

Yor. Where did I leave?

Dut. At that ſad ſtoppe, my Lo
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King

Yor. Then, as I ſayd, the Duke
Mounted upon a hot and fiery S
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept
While all tongues cri'd, God ſav
You would have thought the ve

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.19